

### "THEY HAD NO POET, AND THEY DIED"

Vain was the chiefs, the sage's pride:  
They had no poet, and they died.

—Pope.

By Tigris, or the streams of Ind,  
Ere Colchis rose, or Babylon,  
Forgotten empires dreamed and sin-  
ned,

Setting tall towns against the dawn,

Which, when the proud Sun smote  
upon,  
Flashed fire for fire and pride for  
pride;

Their names were . . . ask obliv-  
ion! . . .

"They had no poet, and they died."

Queens, dusk of hair and tawny skin-  
ned,

That loil where fellow leopards  
fawn . . .

Their hearts are dust before the wind.  
Their loves, that shook the world,  
are wan . . .

Passion is mighty . . . but, anon,  
Strong Death has Romance for his  
bride:

Their legends . . . ask oblivion! . . .  
"They had no poet, and they died."

Heroes, the braggart trumps that dis-  
ned

Their futile triumphs, monarch, pawn,  
Wild tribesmen, kingdoms disciplined,  
Passed like a whirlwind and were  
gone;

They built with bronze and gold and  
brawn,

The inner Vision still denied;  
Their conquests . . . ask obliv-  
ion! . . .

"They had no poet, and they died."

Dumb oracles, and priests withdrawn,  
Was it but flesh they defied?

Their gods were . . . ask obliv-  
ion! . . .

"They had no poet, and they died."

—New York Sun.

### WHO WAS CAIN'S WIFE?

Preaching at the Temple Baptist Church last Sunday Rev. French E. Oliver, D. D., of Kansas City, chose for his theme "Cain's Wife," and in the course of his sermon stated that the question, "Who was Cain's wife?" is of more importance than "Where did he get her?" I append a few rhythmic thoughts on the question:

Where did he get her?

Who was her brother?

Had she a sister?

Had she a mother?

Was she pre-Adamic—

Born before history—

With her identity

Shrouded in mystery?

Maid of Phoenicia,

Egypt, Arabia,

Africa, Indian,

Or sun-kissed Suabia?

Who was her father?

Was he a viking,

Cruising about

Just to his liking:

Out of the Whence

Over the water,

Into the Where

Bringing his daughter?

Native of Norway,

Denmark or Sweden,

Lured by the charms

Of the garden of Eden?

Blonde or brunette?

Rounded or slender?

Fiery or frigid?

Haughty or tender?

Why are her graces

Unknown to fame?

Where did Cain meet her?

What was her name?

Tell me, ye sages,

Students of Life,

Answer my query:

Who was Cain's wife?

—Los Angeles Graphic.

### IN BLEEDING KANSAS

(A letter in the Horton (Kan.) Head-  
Light.)

Kans is under the ban of the damn-

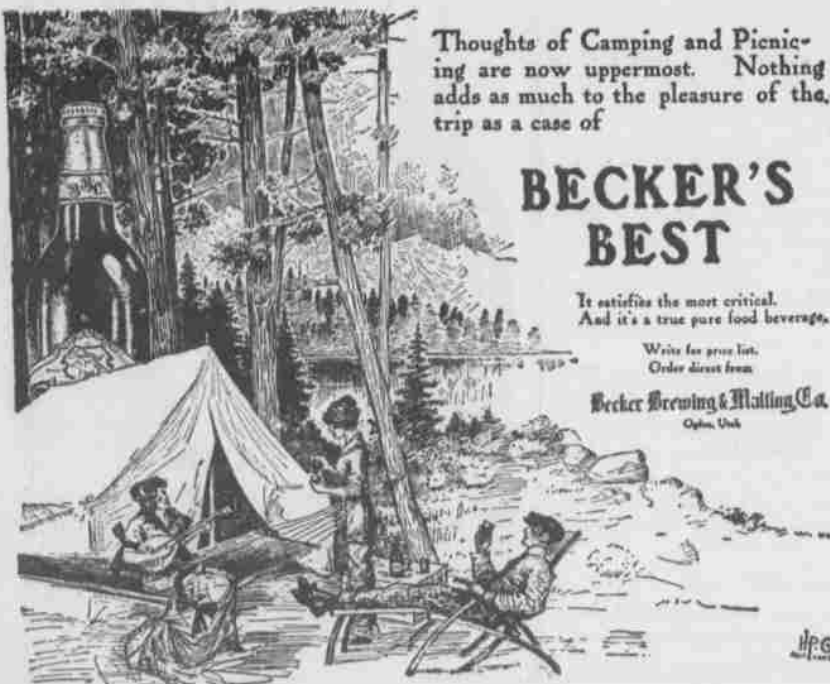
Thoughts of Camping and Picnic-  
ing are now uppermost. Nothing  
adds as much to the pleasure of the  
trip as a case of

## BECKER'S BEST

It satisfies the most critical.  
And it's a true pure food beverage.

Write for price list.  
Order direct from

Becker Brewing & Malting Co.  
Ogden, Utah



### Leif Ericsson—The Discoverer of America

THE FIRST WHITE MEN to tread American soil were Leif Ericsson and his sea-dashed Viking crew. This was nearly a thousand years ago, when the Scandinavian peoples ruled the seas and held the secrets of navigation. The history of the fair-haired, liberty-loving sons and daughters of Sweden, Norway and Denmark is rich in song and story. We have millions of these splendid folk in our own land, and wherever the standard of Liberty and Human Progress has been raised they are found in the front rank, bravely fighting for the Right. Better citizens or greater lovers of Personal Liberty are unknown. For centuries our full-blooded Scandinavian brothers have been moderate users of Barley-Malt brews. Who can truthfully say it has injured them in any way? It is the ancient heritage of these peoples to revolt at Prohibitory Laws, and their vote is registered almost to a man against such legislation. For 57 years Scandinavians have been drinkers of the honestly-brewed beer of Anheuser-Busch. They have helped to make their great brand **BUDWEISER** exceed the sales of any other beer by millions of bottles. Seven thousand, five hundred men, all in all, are daily required to keep pace with the natural public demand for Budweiser.

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# Budweiser

Means Moderation



able law called Prohibitshun and now they are talking about maken it a United Stts. Law, which wood be depriven men of their lawful rites. i have voted the st. Democratic ticket for years, faithfully beleivin that when a Democrat waas put in offis the st woul go Wet and us Kansines have our just rites and not haf to pay ex-  
orbunt express raits for lickor but hav continnely met with Dissepoinment. Let us rally together and sup-  
port billard for gov and relev kana from this awful Blite of prohibittishun.  
—Give Licker Lovers their Rites.

### THE BIGAMIST EXPLAINS

Experience—always more exper-  
ience!—experience of life in all its  
phases, is the cry of the modern  
realist in art.—From a literary review.  
When I was young and full of life  
Art seemed an earnest thing to me,  
In every town I had a wife  
And in some cities two or three.

I did not marry them for pelf—  
I'd scorn to play a sordid part!—

I sought to educate myself  
Concerning matters of the heart.

For who can be a bard (I said)  
And paint the tender passion true  
If he has only gone and wed  
Merely a casual wife or two?

To flirt with girls, and then to jilt  
The active conscience ne'er allows—  
No tear has ever yet been split  
Because I broke bethrothal vows!

From every wife I got a song,  
With every song new wives I won,  
My lyric life, it flowed along  
Like a brook that babbles in the sun

Sincere devotion to my Art  
At last was bringing fame to me!  
They dubbed me "Poet of the Heart,"  
And said, "Where does he get it?"  
—Gee!"

Could I have wed a thousand times  
The critics would have called me  
great—

I put such reverence in my rhymes  
When singing of the married state,